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A TALE OF THE TIMES.

"My dear child, you require a great deal of pocket money; I fear you are extravagant." This was addressed by Mr. Bankley, a rich merchant, to his daughter, a pretty girl of seventeen, who had come down to her father's counting room, to solicit a few dollars to purchase a article which had attracted her attention, in the course of the morning stroll through Broadway. "Yes, dear father, I fear I shall run through your fortune, for I am a spendthrift," indeed," replied the lively girl, glancing a mischievous pair of eyes at her doating parent, who sat bashful, for the moment, the careworn business air of the merchant, to smile upon his lovely daughter. She was just retiring, when a youth entered, and asked, in a hesitating, doubting manner, for employment as a clerk; the merchant surveyed the youth, who was dressed rather coarsely, and wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, which served partially to conceal features of unusual beauty, and was about denying him, when his daughter, who had lingered—with female curiosity, attracted, perhaps, by the interest which his melancholy features excited, called her father aside, and soon influenced his decision in favor of the youth to whom he immediately offered employment in his counting-room. The youth raised his eyes to heaven, and fervently exclaimed, "Thank God," in so feeling a manner, as to increase the interest he had already excited. For the first day or two, he was employed in the common duties of the counting room, but soon he exhibited talents for business, of a superior order; and, being found full competent to act as his word clerk, he was raised to that station. Mr. Bankley invited him to board at his house; to this the youth objected; but being urged, at length reluctantly assented. Although his dress hardly warranted it, the good natured merchant requested him to make use of the family at the table, but to this the youth consented after a considerable solicitation; but when strangers were announced, nothing could induce him to leave his room, or go into the parlor. Notwithstanding he was receiving a good salary, he still persisted in economizing. Mr. Bankley called up to his room;—James Simmons, which was his name, was reading;—taking a seat, the merchant used his best exertions to learn the history of the young man, which he doubted not, would account for his melancholy. After considerable hesitation, he told him that his parents were poor, had a numerous family, and that all the money, over and above his board, he sent to them. "Generous youth!" exclaimed the good merchant, "from this moment your salary is doubled; such filial affection deserves a rich reward." He grasped the merchant's hand, but his feelings choked the utterance of thanks. From that hour he appeared less melancholy, and at times, a smile would light up his handsome features. About two months after this occurrence, he came in with an open letter in his hand, and grasping Mr. Bankley's hand, told him that his country had enabled his father to procure a lucrative situation, and now would be enabled to support his family without his assistance. On the next evening, he appeared dressed up in a handsome suit of clothes, which set forth a person of most exquisite symmetry, which his former rough ill-fitted garments concealed. During his manners were entirely changed; his melancholy silence which had formerly distinguished him, was now banished, and his flashing eyes, high and noble forehead, surrounded by glossy black locks, that curled in beautiful contrast over his marble brow, teeth of unequalled brilliancy, which glistened whenever he spoke, and his expressive countenance at once attracted the attention of all observers. His conversation was unsurpassed for its depth and variety of thought, which marked him at once as a young man of brilliant acquirements, and delighted all who heard him. Caroline, whom we introduced to the reader, at her father's counting room, was deeply interested in the handsome youth, and, indeed, if we were at liberty to inspect her secret thoughts, we should be inclined to think Cupid had inadvertently wounded her heart. But be this as it may, we do know, that, for some time after retiring to her chamber he occupied her thoughts, until sleep closed her eyes only to dream of him. He now went into more company, but was still modestly retiring in his manners; but Caroline insisted upon his waiting on her, and aided by the eloquence of her dark eyes, he was unable to resist. A few weeks after this, he intimated to Mr. Bankley the necessity of changing his lodgings; this surprised him, and he questioned him closely, to ascertain his reasons, but for some time he was unsuccessful; at length he asked him if he had

been treated with unkindness. "Alas!" replied James, sorrowfully, "you have treated me with too much kindness, and I beseech you, accept this as my apology for leaving you." Mr. Bankley had sufficient penetration to perceive at once that this was not his reason for leaving his dwelling, and again urged him to divulge the true cause of his departure. "Sir," replied young Simmons, "you have been to me a father, and your kindness to me I shall never forget. I fear not to divulge any secret of mine to you, but this is one I must beg of you to let remain undivulged—locked up within my own breast, it will harm none but myself; if you were to know it, it would cause both you and myself unhappiness." But Mr. Bankley again urged him to disclose, contending that he had a right to know what passed within the bosom of one whom he was so much interested in. James then disclosed to him, that his love for his daughter Caroline, was his only reason, and knowing it to be hopeless, he had resolved to change his lodgings, and by being removed from the object of his passion, he hoped to forget her. Mr. Bankley, though unprepared for this intelligence, urged him to remain at his house, and meantime he would ascertain the sentiments of his daughter, and give him on the morrow, a final answer. In the evening, Caroline came dancing into the room, and tapping James on the shoulder, exclaimed,—"Mr. Simmons, I have engaged you to wait on me to Mrs. S.—'s ball, to act as my champion, and do you, like a faithful knight be prepared with lance and spur, to battle in my behalf;" and so saying the lively girl took a seat. James expressed his acquiescence, and after supper departed to the family carriage to the house of Madame S.—. The room was crowded with the beauty and fashion of the city, and as Caroline Bankley entered the room hanging on the arm of James, every eye was turned on the handsome pair, and many a fair lady's heart fluttered, as her eye rested on the Adonis form of James Simmons, who led his fair partner to a seat until the dancing commenced. After having danced some time, and during a short interval whilst the musicians were resting, James with Caroline, promenading through the room, when suddenly his eyes fell on a genteel looking man at the other end of the room, who was approaching them, and whom he instantly recognized as a villain who had ruined his father. His countenance became pale, his brow contracted, and muttering something between his teeth, attracted the attention of Caroline, who, on looking up, was astonished at the change in his countenance. At this moment, he who had excited his indignation, approached, laughing and jesting with a couple of young men, who seemed very much pleased with his witty remarks, but looking up, he saw the fierce aspect with which our hero regarded him, and disengaging himself from his companions, he walked up and asked if he wished anything of him. "I do," replied Simmons, delivering, Caroline to the protection of her father, who just came up.

"I do," said he, fixing his fierce eyes on those of his antagonist, "dost know me?" "I have a recollection of ever having seen you," replied the other, quailing before the gaze of his opponent.

"Well, sir, I have the pleasure of knowing you to be Jonas Thompson, as great a hypocrite and villain as ever disgraced human nature." "Who dares speak of me thus?" cried he, "Who?" replied Simmons, cooling his lip contemptuously and folding his arms. "I should think you might know the son of the man whom you villainously reduced from affluence to beggary. My name is Edmund Beauchamp."

This announcement had its full effect upon the hypocritical villain before him, who started back in evident alarm and his colour went and came as Beauchamp calling the attention of the spectators continued. "At your guilty countenance betrays you; at this moment the shrouded corpse is no paler than thy cheek, your guilty eye blanches from mine, and were I to unfold your thousand villanies." "Who dares call me such names?" suddenly interrupted Thompson. "By heavens! you shall suffer for it if you were my brother; yes, shall I have my character assailed and blasted by a beardless boy? I demand satisfaction."

"You shall have it," coolly replied Edmund Beauchamp, watching the effect of his announcement upon his disconcerted adversary; who, forthwith, delivered him a verbal challenge, leaving the choice of weapons to Edmund. "Swords," replied he, "six o'clock, tomorrow morning," tendering his card. At the full intelligence of a duel, Caroline had fainted and was carried home by her father, who on her recovery begged him to prevent it, which he promised to do. Edward sat out for the ground the next morning, accompanied by the young man as second, who volunteered his services on the preceding evening. As the challenge was given in a hall room a great many spectators were present, who had witnessed the dispute the preceding evening. The other party soon arrived, and the combatants coldly saluted each other, received their swords and commenced. Thompson, Beauchamp's opponent placed great confidence in his skill with a sword, but after a few lunges he discovered in

his opponent a most consummate swordsman, who parried his lunges with the utmost coolness and skill. The battle continued with unabated fury for some time; Beauchamp having disarmed his antagonist three times, and had an opportunity of plunging his sword hilt deep, seven times, at length pushed hard upon him, and again disarming him, brought him on his knee, and in that posture, with the point of his sword at his throat, he made him confess a string of high handed villanies by which he had completed his father's ruin; he then bade him rise, and beware how he insulted him with his hostile presence.

Just as Beauchamp brought his antagonist to the ground, Mr. Bankley came up but seeing all danger over he did not interfere. He heard from the lips of Thompson that the youth in which he was so much interested was named Beauchamp, that his father had been affluent but was reduced to poverty by the systematic villainy of Thompson. That at once explained to him the melancholy which had formerly oppressed him, but still more was he surprised on questioning Beauchamp concerning his father, to find that the latter was an old college mate of his whom he had almost forgotten, but now the recollection of many a college freak which he and the elder Beauchamp had performed together, flashed into his memory. The spectators warmly applauded Beauchamp for his bravery and generosity he displayed towards his opponent, who on hearing from his own mouth, the many villanies he had committed, would have given him a sound drubbing ere he left, but for the interference of Beauchamp. Beauchamp, Mr. Bankley, and several friends got into his carriage, and returned to breakfast at the house of the delighted merchant, who lavished the highest encomiums upon his young friend. After breakfast, Mr. Bankley being alone with Beauchamp learned from him his whole history. The villain Thompson, succeeded fraudulently obtaining nearly all the property, the balance was seized upon by his relentless creditors, who, having sold all he had threw him into prison, where he languished for more than a year at the expiration of which time, he was liberated, without a cent. His son having tried in vain to obtain employment, at that time, when failures were taking place, and clerks being discharged every day, at length went to New York, where, after many a fruitless search, and when just on the point of relinquishing his fruitless task, Mr. Bankley interfered and saved his father's family. "And Beauchamp," said Mr. Bankley, when he had concluded, "for that you are indebted to my daughter, and apropos of that affair you spoke to me of yesterday, I give you my hearty consent, and fifty thousand dollars as her dowry; but by St. George you must win her; girls are odd, and I warrant she scolds me well for making this bargain without her consent, and the chances are ten to one she won't consent; you understand me, eh?" slapping Beauchamp on the back. At that moment, Caroline burst into the room, and her eyes glistened with pleasure as they rested on Edmund—not unperceived by her father, who said, as he left the room, winking at Beauchamp—"you have escaped one danger this morning, beware of another, beware!" We need not continue any further, our readers must guess the rest; but suffice it to say that two months after the duel a marriage ceremony was performed at Mr. Bankley's house, and shortly afterwards appeared with the names of Mr and Mrs. Beauchamp neatly engraved thereon. Beauchamp himself entered into partnership with Mr. Bankley, who, notwithstanding the great mercantile connection that had agitated the country, has so far triumphantly breasted the storm, which is now lessening, and bids fair once more to get into the usual channel, from which all have been so suddenly expelled, by the momentous changes of the last few years.

About one year after the marriage, Beauchamp heard that Jonas Thompson had been apprehended for murder, tried and condemned to death, the execution of which sentence he avoided by taking poison, which closed his career of villainy forever.

A gentleman recently lodged at a hotel somewhere in the Middle States, and in the morning was observed looking among a quantity of newly cleaned boots in search of his own.

"What kind of boots was your boots, sir?" inquired Billy.

"Quite new ones, have you seen them?"

"New ones? Why for bless you sir, the new boots be all gone an hour ago."

FAR GONE!—At a breaking up of a dinner party, two of the company fell down stairs; the one tumbled to the first landing place, the other rolled to the bottom. It was observed, that the first seemed dead drunk. "Yes," replied a bystander, "but he's not so far gone as the gentleman below!"

There is a *run customer* in this city who, for several years, has been a regular patron of the different thinking shops, and who never calls for any thing, whether shoe or with friends, but "some of the same." The bar-keepers perfectly understand that "the same" is nothing more than a brandy toddy.—*Picayune.*

CHARACTER OF FRANKLIN.

BY LORD BROUGHAM.

One of the most remarkable men certainly of our time as a politician, or of any age as a philosopher was Franklin; who also stands alone in combining these two characters, the greatest that men can sustain, and in this; that having borne the first part in enlarging science by one of the greatest discoveries ever made, he bore the second part in founding one of the greatest empires in the world.

In this truly great man everything seems to concur that goes toward the constitution of exalted merit. First he was the architect of his own fortune. Born in the humblest station, he raised himself by his talents and his industry, first to the place in society which may be attained with the help only of ordinary abilities; great application, and good luck; but next to the lofty heights which a daring and happy genius only can scale; and the poor printer's boy, who at head from the dews of night, rent in twain the proud dominion of England, and lived to be the ambassador of a Commonwealth which he had formed, at the Court of the haughty Monarchs of France, who had been his allies.

Then, he had been tried by prosperity as well as adverse fortune, and had passed unhurt through the perils of both. No ordinary apprentice, no common place journeyman, ever laid the foundation of his independence and habits of industry and temperance more deep than he did, whose genius was afterward to rank him with the Galileos and the Newtons of the old world. No partisan born to shine in Courts or assist at the councils of monarchs, ever bore his honors in a lofty station more easily, or was less spoiled by the enjoyment of them, than this common workman did when negotiating with royal representatives, or caressed by all the beauty and fashion of the most brilliant Court in Europe.

Again, he was self taught in all he knew.—His hours of study were stolen from those of sleep and of meals; or gained by some ingenious contrivance for reading while the work of his daily calling went on. Assisted by none of the helps which affluence tenders to the studies of the rich, he had to supply the place of tutors by redoubled diligence, and of commentaries by repeated perusal. Nay, the possession of books was to be obtained by copying what the art which he himself exercised furnished easily to others.

Next, the circumstances under which others succumb he made to yield, and bent to his own purposes—a successful leader of a revolt that ended in complete triumph after appearing desperate for years; a great discoverer in philosophy without the ordinary helps to knowledge; a writer famed for his chaste style without a classical education; a skillful negotiator, though never bred to politics; ending as a favorite, nay, a pattern of fashion, when the guest of frivolous Courts, the life which he had begun in garrets and in workshops.

Lastly, combinations of faculties, in others deemed impossible, appeared easy and natural in him. The philosopher, delighting in speculation, was also eminently a man of action.—Ingenuous reasoning, refined and subtle consultation, were in him combined with prompt resolution and inflexible firmness of purpose.—To a lively fancy, he joined a learned and deep reflection; his original inventive genius stooped to the convenient alliance of the most ordinary prudence in everyday affairs; the mind that soared above the clouds, and was conversant with the loftiest of human contemplations, disdained not to make proverbs and feigned paraboles for the guidance of apprentices and servile maidens; and the hands that sketched a free constitution for a whole continent, or drew down the lightning from heaven, easily and cheerfully lent themselves to simplify the apparatus by which truths were to be illustrated; or discoveries pursued.

His whole course both in acting and in speculation was simple and plain, ever preferring the easiest and shortest road, nor ever having recourse to any but the simplest means to compass his ends. His policy rejected all refinements and aimed at accomplishing its purposes by the most rational and obvious expedients.—His language was unadorned, and used as the medium of communicating his thought; not of raising admiration; but it was pure, expressive, racy. His manner of reasoning was manly and elegant, the address of a rational being to others of the same order; and so concise, that, preferring decisions to discussion, he never exceeded a quarter of an hour in any public address. His correspondence upon business, whether private or on State affairs, is a model of clearness and commendable shortness; nor can any State papers surpass in dignity and impression those of which he is believed to have been the author in the earlier part of the "American revolutionary war. His mode of philosophizing was of the purest application of the inductive principle, so eminently adapted to his nature, and so clearly dictated by common sense, that we can have little doubt it would have been suggested by Franklin, if it had not been unfolded by Bacon, though it is as clear that in this case it would have been expounded in far more simple terms. But of all this great man's scientific excellencies, the most remarkable is

the smallness, the simplicity, the apparent inadequacy, of the means which he employed in his experimental researches. His discoveries were made with hardly any apparatus at all; and if, at any time, he had been led to employ instruments of a somewhat less ordinary description, he never rested satisfied until he had as it were, afterward translated the process, by resolving the problem with such simple machinery that you might say, he had done it wholly unaided by apparatus. The experiments by which the identity of lightning and electricity was demonstrated, were made with a sheet of brown paper, a bit of twine, a silk thread, and an iron key.

Upon the integrity of this great man, whether in public or in private life, there rests no stain. Strictly honest, and even scrupulously punctual in all his dealings he preserved in the highest fortune that regularity which he had practised as well as inculcated in the lowest. The phrase which he once used when interrupted in his proceedings upon the most arduous important affairs, by a demand of some petty item in a long account—"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treads out the corn"—has been cited against him as proving the laxity of his dealings when in trust of public money; it plainly proves the reverse; for he well knew that in a country abounding in discussion, and full of bitter personal animosities, nothing could be gained of immunity by refusing to produce his vouchers, at the fitting time; and his venturing to use such language demonstrates that he knew his conduct to be really above all suspicion.

In domestic life he was faultless, and in the intercourse of society delightful. There was a constant good humor and a playful wit, easy, and of high relish, without any ambition to shine the natural fruit of his lively fancy, his solid, natural good sense, and his cheerful temper, that gave his conversation an unspeakable charm and alike suited every circle, from the humblest to the most elevated. With all his strong opinions, so often solemnly declared, so imperiously recorded in his deeds, he retained a tolerance for those who differed with him which could not be surpassed in men whose principles hang so loosely about them as to be taken up for a convenient cloak, and laid down when found to impede their progress. In his family he was everything that worth, warm affections, and sound prudence contribute, to make a man both useful and amiable, respected and beloved. In religion he would by many be reckoned a latitudinarian; yet it is certain that his mind was imbued with a deep sense of the Divine perfections, a constant impression of our accountable nature, and a lively hope of future enjoyment. Accordingly, his death-bed, the rest of both faith and works, was easy and placed, resigned and devout; and indicated at once an unflinching retrospect of the past, and a comfortable assurance of the future.

Excessive Politeness.—Rev. Rowland Hill was always annoyed when there happened to be any noise in the chapel, or when anything occurred to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion, about three years before his death, he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the midst of his discourse, he observed a great commotion in the gallery. For a time he took notice of it, but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed, "What is the matter there? The devil seems to have got among you!" A plain country-looking man immediately started to his feet, and addressing Mr Hill in reply, said, "No sir, it ain't the Devil as is doing on it; it's a lady who's fainted; and she's a very fat un sir, es don't seem likely to come to again in a hurry." "Oh, that's it, is it?" observed Mr Hill, drawing his hand across his chin; "then I beg the lady's pardon and the Devil's too."

A southern planter having flogged his negro on the supposition that he had robbed his onion bed, the next morning the negro seeing a strange animal lurking about the garden, succeeded in capturing him and took him in triumph to his master, who saluted him with "What do you bring that skunk here for?" "Me bring him here dat massa no more trash poor nigger;—him steal massa's injuns; jist smell he breff."

A Frenchman has invented what he designates a cannon-clock, which consists of an ordinary piece of ordnance, with a gun glass suspended over in such a manner that when it is just 12 o'clock, the focus bears upon the priming of the gun & thus discharges it. It will thus designate any time of the day for which it may be set.

Hallow! neighbor, what be ye gwoyn tew dew with that air keowlidge?"

"Why, I've got a tarnation creetur of a boy, what forgets to go to skule, and I want to jog his memory."

"Prone to wander, Lord I feel it," as the school boy said when he got whipped for playing truant.

"P'raps you're not fond of music," as the tuneless screech owl said to the raccoon vat want to go to sleep.

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MILITARY CONVENTION.

At a meeting of the delegates and citizens at the State House in Augusta, on Wednesday, June 25th, BENJ. WHITE, Esq. of Montville, was called to the Chair, and Thos. B. Gross and John Dorr appointed Secretaries.

The meeting was addressed by Gen. Geo. W. Bacheelder and several others on the necessity and importance of a thorough and radical change of our Militia System.

A committee was then chosen, consisting of Dr. Benj. Ober, Mr. Elliot, Mr. Davis and Mr. Foster, of Waldo, Mr. Ormsby of Oxford, Mr. Fuller of Kennebec, and Mr. Clark of Lincoln, to make a report on the subject to the convention.

The Convention then adjourned to 3 o'clock, P. M.

Afternoon. On assembling in the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, the committee, by Dr. Ober came in and offered the following Report:—

After giving the subject what consideration they were able, owing to the shortness of the time allowed them, your Committee submit for your consideration the following preamble and resolutions:

WHEREAS, the Committee appointed at the meeting at this place on the 19th March last to frame a plan of a State Military System and to report the same to this Convention for consideration, have failed to perform that duty; your Committee think they can only suggest some general plan of action and recommend some general principles for the guidance of the Militia and the friends of reform in the ensuing political campaign; for it is to the ballot box and that only we must look for a redress of grievances of so long standing, and so venerable for their age as that part of our statutes mis-called the militia system.

That the militia system as it now stands, is onerous and oppressive to a part of the community, that it must soon fall from its own decrepitude, and that a thorough and radical change is called for seems to be admitted by all; but upon the principles of that change and the general features of a new system there seems to be a diversity of opinion; yet while your committee recognize this diversity they are happy to perceive that on one point all are united—and this point they consider the fulcrum for the lever of Archimedes, by which the world may be raised—the nucleus around which, as out of chaos, the elements of a militia system are to gather, and to form a beautiful and consistent whole that shall be as most of our republican institutions are, the envy of the world.

This principle, this nucleus, requires no long description; no great learning is necessary to comprehend it; one word will convey to every man, the most simple as well as learned, its whole force and meaning; that one word PAY. It is a word easily spoken and easily written.—Let us inscribe it on our banners, and under its broad provisions let us go the polls; let us choose those to legislate for us who will wear it for a badge at their button-holes, and adopt it as the watchword of their party.

When this simple and just principle is recognized, all details will follow in order as a matter of course. Your committee do not feel that they are called upon to draft a plan for the organization and pay of the militia; that duty they leave not the time if they had the ability to perform, nevertheless they may be allowed to suggest some leading features of such a plan for the consideration of their fellow citizens and soldiers throughout the State.

And first, they think that all military service the State needs, in a time of peace, is worth per man \$1.50 a day, and when this compensation is allowed, the military will become desirable as a post of honor.

2d. They are of opinion that a well organized and well disciplined military corps of 10,000 active men, will be sufficient for all emergencies, and that one week active camp duty yearly will be sufficient for them to learn the art of war if drilled by accomplished officers.

3d. They think that the law of exemptions is unequal in its operation if not unconstitutional in its provisions, and should be abolished.

With these views we offer the following Resolves.

Resolved, That security against domestic violence and oppression and foreign invasion is the paramount object in the formation of civilized government, and that it is therefore the first duty of the legislator to provide for his constituents such security by all proper means in his power.

Resolved, That a standing army is incompatible with our free institutions; the only proper security against insurrection and invasion that comes within the scope of legislative provision is a well regulated and well appointed citizen soldiery.

Resolved, therefore, That a plain, simple and efficient law providing for and sustaining such a soldiery, ought to claim the early and serious attention of our next Legislature.

Resolved, That such portion of the citizens of this State as are compelled by law to perform any kind of military duty, are to all intents and purposes, while performing such duty, in the service of the State.

Resolved, That all citizens without distinction employed in the public service, are entitled to just and reasonable compensation for the service performed.

Resolved, That the militia ought to be armed and equipped at the public expense.

Resolved, That the militia law of this State as it now enforced, is unequal, unreasonable, cruel and oppressive, and in many respects so extremely defective and difficult to reduce to practice, that it ought to be wholly thrown aside and a law enacted in its stead, equal and just, short and comprehensive.

Resolved, That a State Central Committee

be appointed, and that the militia of the several towns in the State be requested to choose respectively a Committee of three to confer with the Central State Committee, and act in concert with them in furthering the views and carrying out the measures proposed by this Convention.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the citizen soldier of each political party to use all fair and honorable means to secure the election of such men to the next Legislature as are in favor of such a reform in the militia laws as shall make them acceptable to freemen, and particularly so as to secure a just compensation for time and expenses in the performance of military duty.

BENJ. OBER, per order of Com.

This Report having had two several readings was adopted unanimously by the Convention.

The Chair, in pursuance of the 5th Resolve, then nominated Gen. George W. Bacheelder of Gardiner, John Dorr and Wm. R. Smith of Augusta, Dr. Benj. Ober of Montville, and Cyrus Rowe of Belfast, to constitute the State Central Committee. Adopted.

It was then

Voted, That these proceedings be signed by the Chairman and Secretaries, and that all editors in the State friendly to a reform in the militia system, be requested to publish it in the columns of this Convention in their respective papers.

The Convention then adjourned.

BENJAMIN WHITE, Chairman.

THOMAS P. GROSS, } Secretaries.
JOHN DORR, }

From the Boston Post.

CONSERVATISM.

ITS ORIGIN; ITS DESIGNS; ITS RESULTS.

The results of the last Presidential election prostrated the hopes of whiggism in the United States. The efforts of the federalists for power and place had been long and desperate. All the elements of opposition, though not concentrated on a single candidate, acted harmoniously together, Clay-whigs, Harrison-whigs, White-whigs, and Webster-whigs, all had one common end—one identical object in view—the overthrow of the democratic party. Their slight shades of difference, if indeed such existed, were merged in a feeling of hatred, alike intense and bitter, in all the factions, composing the opposition. Their individual dislikes were either lost or forgotten in their greater and more deadly hostility against the common enemy. The election came, and they were signally defeated. Mr. Van Buren's triumph was complete. Whiggism was banished into silence; the last agonies of despair—the death-guggle—the spasmodic throes and the glazed eye, indicated the speedy dissolution of this blustering bank and Webb banishing. Yet this mass of corruption suddenly revived! Its creator, possessor, and disposer, was at hand.—The great Philadelphia quack was in attendance; he administered with the desperation of empiricism. The banks, from Maine to Louisiana, closed their vaults, and whiggism, as if under the influence of a galvanic battery, suddenly leaped into life, and once more appeared in the political arena, contending for mastery over its old opponent, the democracy of the country. The withering effects of this blow reached even the government itself, and the newly elected chief magistrate was under the necessity of calling together the representatives of the people, in advance of the usual time, for the purpose of making laws to meet this new condition of things. All was doubt and uncertainty. The country was flooded with millions of irredeemable paper; old and long established houses were giving away under the intense pressure of the cause of which, by our opponents, was charged directly upon the acts of the preceding administration, and the democratic party itself, for a moment, shaken to its centre. Mr. Van Buren, however, showed himself equal to the crisis. His mild, yet firm, course re-animating his friends, rallied a new to his support, and the democracy were once more found in the field, united, shoulder to shoulder contending for the great principles of the constitution. But all were not so found. A few timid spirits shrunk from the task, and more left our ranks, because they were never with us in the principle or feeling. They thought democracy prostrated, overthrown; and, like Peter, to save themselves, boldly denied their lealty to their old political associates. For such, however, to pass at once into the whig party, would never answer; it would have given the lie direct to their previous professions. To save themselves from this odium, they attempted a separate organization, took the name of *Conservatives*, pretended great respect for Mr. Van Buren; but in every instance opposed the measure presented by him for the action of Congress. It is difficult to say which rendered them most contemptible, their weakness or their hypocrisy. They united with whigs in every leading measure, yet denied their identification with that party.—From Rives, of Virginia, to Borden, of Massachusetts—the former the *head*, and the latter the *tail* of this new coalition—they claimed a "neutral" position, yet courted the whigs, and sought their support at the ballot box. It is safe to say that, in this country, no combination of public men ever pursued a more shameless, hypocritical course, than did the band of conservatives at Washington, from their secession from the democratic party, to the close of the last session.

Rendered desperate by distrust, they settled down into a set of bitter, intriguing demagogues, despised alike for their want of principle, and for the impotent malignity with which they opposed their old political friends. And, as if to insure their final damnation as a party, Reuben M. Whitney, the justly censured

pet bank agent, was sought out and placed at the head of the Madisonian, the conservative organ at the seat of government! In speaking of the of he conservatives, it is but just to except a few late of all his followers. He and they sought advancement through the avenues of intrigue and treachery, and as they have sowed, so shall they reap. The whigs may hereafter take some of them from necessity, but never from choice. The Democracy are not in the habit of dealing in damaged goods.

To the republican party this withdrawal of the conservatives is a decided gain. Many of them hung upon us like dead weights, and none of them were, or are, the stuff for a great crisis. They are not equal to any extraordinary emergencies. They kept the democratic flag flying when no enemy was in sight; but on the approach of danger they assumed a "neutral" position, and finally joined the standard of the besiegers, and assisted in the attempt to batter down the impregnable walls of democracy.—They failed, of course, in the undertaking, and have been adjudged guilty of *moral treason*, by "the sober, second thought" of a sagacious people. That frank, honest portion of them, who left the democracy before the designs of the leaders were fully understood, is again uniting with the party from which for a time it broke. We hail their return to our ranks as evidence, in them, of the soundest political integrity—the remainder we commend to the fostering care of the whig party. If they add nothing to its strength, they will certainly increase its treachery—an element in greater demand among our opponents than honesty itself, because more used in the prosecution of their designs!

When the banks suspended, and the democratic party, for the moment, was obscured by the dust and smoke of arrogant whiggism a few ambitious politicians suddenly conceived the idea of starting a *third party*. Among the leaders were Rives, of Virginia, and Talmadge, of New York. Why the former of these gentlemen should have attempted such a course, we are happily spared the trouble of stating in detail. Mr. Blair, the editor of the Washington Globe, has so clearly exposed the designs of Mr. Rives—his motive and perfidy—that Talmadge should have broke from the Administration, is perfectly in accordance with the situation and character of the man. A speculator both in *stocks* and *politics*, it is hardly to be expected that he would continue with a party in favor of economy and strict accountability. "To the victors belong the spoils," was his declaration when he joined the democratic ranks, and his subsequent conduct shows conclusively, that the *public funds* were by him included in the "spoils" then referred to. These were the two most distinguished persons among the dissenters, and were to be the leaders in the "third party." After a few sudden conversions, an unexpected difficulty arose—the people could not be *humbugged*. They had no reverence for third parties; if federalism was right they could see no propriety in *dubbing* it with a new name! Conservatism was acting harmoniously with federalism, and if they were one and the same, they were for so considering them. Poor, honest, Conservatism, found itself hard pushed; but the leaders had no idea of losing their offices. They had turned to save themselves when they thought the democracy were down; they were now ready to join with anything to retain their stations, when they found the democracy could live without them. Whiggism was in want of precisely such an accession. It had every thing in its ranks but *self-immolated* democrats. These were wanted to fill a cranny in their party, which had hitherto been imperfect. A stripe was wanting, and Conservatism supplied it. Retributive justice, however, was not to be cheated of her honest dues.

The elections of 1838 came on, and conservatism, which had all along disclaimed any connection with the whigs, began now to court that party, and to avow itself in harmony with it in all the great principles which distinguished it from the democracy of the country. Rives, Talmadge, Garland, Hopkins, Kilgore, and Clark, all conservatives, and sufficiently prominent to influence, in some degree, public opinion, threw themselves into the ranks of the whig party, and were run as candidates against the administration, and all but Garland, Hopkins, and Clark, were defeated. Unprincipled as the whig party is, it loves treason better than the traitors. They accepted the fruit, but rejected the hands which offered it. Of the mere scavengers of conservatism, men of so little consequence that their political death did not extort a groan either from conservatives or whigs, Sprague of Rhode Island, and Borden of this State, may be mentioned for their downright *insignificance*. The former was the late candidate for Governor of Rhode Island, and though the whigs had an unquestioned majority in the State, and the governorship hardly worthy the ambition of a third rate man, Sprague failed of an election. Even his money, that potent engine among the whigs, could not save him. He was distrusted during the canvass by the party which placed him in nomination, and forgotten by all before his back was turned upon the vacant gubernatorial chair. Borden fared no better. He was placed in nomination in his district, for re-election to Congress, by the whig party, and though surrounded by a very large number of personal friends, and his own word for it, that he was still a good democrat, yet he was decisively beaten by a very young man, a sound democrat, notwithstanding parties were nearly equally balanced in the county. When the contest was over he was considered of so little consequence that even the whig party, which he had courted with the sycophancy of a cat, would not condescend to help him groan over his own defeat.

The result of the recent election in Virginia has settled the fate of conservatism. Rives, the champion of the new coalition, the *Jupiter* tones of the self-styled Spartan band in the last Congress, played a desperate game. It was a case of life and death with him. The result shows that he has failed in securing a majority favorable to his pretensions. He will not have the poor merit even of being beaten by the democracy alone. The whig party will

claim a share of the glory of consigning to merited oblivion the great political *turn-coat* of the Old Dominion. The fate of Rives is the fate of all his followers. He and they sought advancement through the avenues of intrigue and treachery, and as they have sowed, so shall they reap. The whigs may hereafter take some of them from necessity, but never from choice. The Democracy are not in the habit of dealing in damaged goods.

To the republican party this withdrawal of the conservatives is a decided gain. Many of them hung upon us like dead weights, and none of them were, or are, the stuff for a great crisis. They are not equal to any extraordinary emergencies. They kept the democratic flag flying when no enemy was in sight; but on the approach of danger they assumed a "neutral" position, and finally joined the standard of the besiegers, and assisted in the attempt to batter down the impregnable walls of democracy.—They failed, of course, in the undertaking, and have been adjudged guilty of *moral treason*, by "the sober, second thought" of a sagacious people. That frank, honest portion of them, who left the democracy before the designs of the leaders were fully understood, is again uniting with the party from which for a time it broke. We hail their return to our ranks as evidence, in them, of the soundest political integrity—the remainder we commend to the fostering care of the whig party. If they add nothing to its strength, they will certainly increase its treachery—an element in greater demand among our opponents than honesty itself, because more used in the prosecution of their designs!

Queen Victoria and the Federal Press. It is stated in the New York papers that Queen Victoria has presented Col. Stone, editor of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, with her miniature. The Commercial Advertiser is a leading whig paper, and doubtless attracted the favorable notice of the Queen by the frankness with which it avows the anti-democratic sentiments which prevail among the leaders of the federal party.

The New Era says: We confess that we think the present which he [Col. Stone] has received from the Queen of England to be well earned and appropriate. It is perfectly proper that the promulgator and approver of the revived federal doctrine, of an elective monarchy, should be thus *countenanced* by a foreign sovereign, holding the influential relations which she does with this country. We are not at all surprised that the presentation of her portrait to the editor of the Commercial Advertiser should have been accompanied, as the Gazette says, with a very kind and complimentary letter from Lord Palmerston her Secretary of State for foreign affairs; nor will the public be surprised if it should be productive of a few more Sydney letters, contending that "the chances of obtaining a good chief magistrate by birth, are about equal to those of obtaining one by popular election."

It is rumored that the editor, who accompanied Mr. Webster to England, has earned the present by more substantial and direct service to the Queen's government than the advocacy of ultra federal doctrines through the columns of the Commercial Advertiser. Perhaps the private correspondence of the editor and his colleagues, in relation to Canada affairs might throw some light on this point.

[Augusta Age.]

SWARTWOUT. The Kennebec Journal says that Swartwout's nomination in 1830, was confirmed by a democratic Senate. Very well Swartwout was then no defaulter, in good standing and repute, and universally believed to be trustworthy.

How was it in 1834, when he was reappointed. Then he was a defaulter. Then he was suspected, and an investigation demanded in the Senate. A federal Committee, composed of *Spilbee* of Mass. Sprague of Maine and other federalists, made the investigation. They reported in favor of Swartwout. His re-nomination was confirmed. The Committee which white-washed him was a federal Committee, and the Senate which confirmed his appointment was a federal Senate—the very Senate which passed the resolution of condemnation on Gen. Jackson!—Augusta Age.

An article has been going the rounds of the opposition presses, stating that the Treasurer of Indiana had demanded of the United States, the 4th instalment of the surplus revenue. The Treasurer in question has written a letter to one of the Indiana newspapers denying the statement.—Augusta Age.

Lunacy in Fleece.—Have you read the Treatise on the cause of Lunacy in Fleece, asked a wag of a scholar. "No, but how has it been ascertained that Fleece are liable to insanity?" asked the other. "Oh, very easily," rejoined the wag, "so many of them die cracked."

A SMALL PRESENT.—"I will give you my head," exclaimed a person to Montesquieu, "if every word of the story I have related be not true."—"I accept your offer," said the president; "present of small value strengthen the bond of friendship, and should never be refused."

Sir George Arthur has issued a circular, strongly condemning the practice of firing into American steamboats, &c. and directing the local authorities to be vigilant in preventing such occurrences.

The first instalment of the French indemnity was paid by the Mexicans at Vera Cruz on the 19th of May.

For the last year in Philadelphia, the convictions were 208. In the aggregate, the term of sentence is about 330 years.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JULY 8, 1839.

Oxford Democratic Convention.

THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of the several Towns and Plantations in the County of Oxford are requested to send the usual number of Delegates to a Convention to be held at the Coenr Horse in Paris, on Wednesday, the fourteenth day of August next at ten o'clock A. M. for the purpose of selecting candidates for Senators and County Treasurer, to be supported at the ensuing election.

Per order of the County Committee.

Paris, July 1, 1839.

THE CAMPAIGN.

The approaching political contest, though it may be urged with less of violence and bitterness than was the last, is nevertheless of great importance, inasmuch as our success will dispel all doubts as to the real political character of the State, and put at rest the half realized dreams of triumph and power, which, for the two past years have dazzled the ambition of federalism and incited it to more than ordinary effort. That the federal party can never acquire ought beyond a transient ascendancy is most true; but this must not suffice as a plea for sluggishness or inaction on the part of those who have an eye to the true interests and welfare of the country. It is only when democracy slumbers in the quiet security of conscious strength, that federalism gains a foothold, and hence the necessity for steady zeal, untiring effort, and sleepless vigilance. It will be no ordinary struggle, for it is the death struggle of federalism for existence. Still formidable in point of numbers, inveterate in its hatred of the principles of democracy, rendered desperate by past defeats, and heedless of the means by which it accomplishes its purposes, fertile in invention, rich in resources, subtle and treacherous in its designs, no scheme will be left untried to seduce the unsuspecting, no stratagem left unemployed to trap those who stray from the main body of the democracy. The success of the democratic party depends upon the union and concentration of its whole strength. Every democrat should be up and doing, ready to meet federalism in whatever guise it may appear, whether under the name of whiggism, Bankism, hoco pocism, or any other ism, he should be ready and not wait for his neighbor to do that which he should do himself. A good cause, like the cause of Democracy, ought not and must not suffer from the supineness and indifference of its advocates. Now is the time to marshal our forces, to bring them into the field, and to form the line of battle.

"To arms," Democrats of Oxford. "To arms."

We have received the Democratic Banner of the 22d ult., published at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, containing a Card over the signature of Col. Charles Andrews, formerly of Turner in this County with a request in his known hand writing to publish the same. We give it an insertion in our columns that our readers may read and judge for themselves of its truth and correctness, premising that the "unfounded and malignant aspersions" has something more than "the shadow of a shadow for a pretext,"—that he "absconded" without the knowledge of even his most intimate friends, and under circumstances which we believe will not permit of his returning, carrying with him a portion of the Surplus Revenue belonging to this town, which was entrusted to him as an agent; but not the one twelfth part so much as stated by the National Gazette. He has most shamefully abused the confidence of his friends, and after having done so, how he can have the face to request us to publish his card, knowing as he must that it would have a direct tendency to draw out the real facts and place him in his true color before the world, is more than we can understand. He has always professed to be a Democrat, acted with the democracy, but his recent conduct has shown him to be destitute of principle in moral and political. The federal papers have trumpeted the fact of his having "absconded" far and near, styling him a "Loco loco Southwester," &c. and attempted to throw the odium of his conduct upon the democratic party for which they are not and should not be responsible. We cannot palliate his conduct and shall not attempt to. It should be a warning to others that though they may profess Democracy unless they act up to its principles and precepts, they ought not to expect and should not receive sympathy and defence from a Democratic Press, even assailed by a bitter opposition, who are ever ready to seize upon the most trivial delinquency. We have premised this in justice to our own conscience, in justice to the party, and in justice to the honor portion of the community. We cannot uphold, support or defend men, be they ever so prominent, when we know them to be unworthy of confidence.

To the editor of the Democratic Banner:

Sir: In the Philadelphia National Gazette, of the 13th inst, I find the following paragraph, under the editorial head.

"Colonel Andrews, a Van Buren member of the Maine Legislature, recently absconded, carrying with him about four thousand dollars, a portion of the surplus revenue, which was in his possession as an agent for the government." I was, at the last session, "a Van Buren

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member of the Maine Legislature," and at present hold the commission of "Colonel" in the Militia of that State. I left ("absconded" from, if the editor of the Gazette please) Maine on the 11th of May last, on a visit to this State, where I have some acquaintances and relatives, and also a moiety of property. I purposed at the time I left home, to return early in the month of August next and have as yet seen nothing to induce me to change that determination. This, perhaps, is all of my public and private history to which the public have any right or in which they could take any interest. I have premised this much, in order to say to the Bank superintendant who controls the National Gazette, that if I am alluded to in the statement above quoted, and for which he would seem to be responsible, said statement is an *unmitigated falsehood*, false in the general and false in the particular—false in the letter and false in the spirit,—manufactured for a wicked and calumnious purpose, with malice aforethought, without even the "shadow of a shade" for a pretext.

Whilst I would respectfully request of the democratic editors, where this malicious slander has reached, to publish this card, I shall neither ask nor expect of the purchased and paid for myrmidon of the National (Bank) Gazette, to do me the justice of giving publicity to this contradiction of his most unfounded and malignant aspersion of my character.

CHARLES ANDREWS,
of Turner, Maine.

At Verona, Ohio, June 22d, 1839.

SURGEONS AND THEIR MATES AGAIN.

MR. EDITOR.—I had in part prepared another article upon the Maine Militia System, when upon taking up the Democrat of last week I observed a long Letter from "Philo J. J. P." which he offers by way of "comment, addition, and explanation" to my last number upon this subject.

To some remarks of this writer I feel bound to make a brief reply, not to censure, but to explain, substantiate, and prove true the positions assumed and laid down in the Letter to which he in particular refers. If Philo supposes that I intended to apply the censures contained in the Letter above referred to, exclusively to the Surgeons and Mates of this Regiment, he is greatly mistaken. I intended no such thing, and I cannot see how he or any other person could arrive to such a conclusion, unless he thought they actually deserved it. I challenge the whole world to point out a single line in which I referred to Surgeons or their Mates, when I have not spoken of them in general terms, without special reference to any one. I spoke of "Surgeons Quarters" in the plural number without giving them a location; but the writer puts them down in one particular place. This certainly must be a device of his own imagination, for he had no authority from me to do it, either express or implied.

It will be recollected the Militia were called upon last winter by Gov. Fairfield from all parts of the State, and that in every Regiment there were quarters, to which all invalids could flee and be safe, so it is easy to be seen that any person who had a wish to take a "prepp" could be blessed with the privilege, travel whatever way he would.

Philo, in applying my censures particularly to the Surgeons and Mates of this Regiment, reminds me of a story I once heard about the eccentric Lorenzo Dow. Dow once had an appointment to preach in a certain neighborhood in one of the interior towns in Mass., and as was often the custom, appointed his meeting to be held in the open air. A short time previous to his visit a farmer living in the vicinity had lost an axe, supposed to have been taken by theft. In a private conversation, this affair was related to Dow, who immediately replied he could detect the thief. So when the day arrived in which he was to preach and a large congregation collected, the officiating Minister appears on the Platform erected for a Pulpit, exhibiting to the astonished gaze of the multitude a large stone, which he carelessly tossed about in his right hand. He commenced by telling them an axe had been stolen—the thief was in that congregation, and that he should throw the stone at random, and that the thief and no other person would be injured by it. For a moment a dead silence reigned, when a man from the skirts of the congregation suddenly arose and took to his heels, while Dow at the same time hallowed at the top of his voice, "thou art the man." He was immediately arrested and confessed his guilt. I leave Philo to make the application.

This writer talks about my "searching for charges against the objects of my prejudice," as tho' I had been mean enough to gratify malignant feelings by publicly attacking private individuals. This charge, like many others made by our author, arises from the *forced construction* he puts upon what I have said. Let me assure you, Mr. Philo, I have as much sympathy and feeling for the really unfortunate, as you or any other man, (and I don't doubt but you are often touched with the feelings of our infirmities) but for the man who will *manufacture* a disease, or *cause* one to be manufactured for him, to get rid of doing the duties of the Citizen Soldier, I have no sympathy, and but little respect.

Philo quotes a passage from the article in question and pronounces it altogether a creation of fancy—the offspring of a fruitful imagination.—Here I believe he is again in an error, for it is

hard to convince a man that what "his eyes have seen, and his ears heard," is all imagination and fancy; and were I brought to the necessity of procuring witnesses to prove the reality of the scenes described in the remarks to which Philo takes exceptions, he would be the first person I would put upon the stand, for I know he has witnessed some solemn realities, which he would have too much honesty to deny.

My first position in the 5th number of my Letters was, that there are persons who *ought* to be exempted from the performance of military duty; yet our writer says I would "make it shameful, and cowardly, for an invalid to call for a Certificate." This is another perversion of my meaning, for it is against granting certificates to well, able-bodied men, and not to invalids, that I have been contending.

Again, he thinks the remarks he quotes are anti-democratic—at least, in their tendency. To this I will simply reply in the words of one of old, upon this point—"Let there be no strife between me and thee, for (I guess) we are brethren."

Philo need not puzzle his head to find reasons that have been the cause of dressing up some of the Officers and Soldiers in the Militia, in a uniform of "black and white," for every person of common discernment can understand them, especially those who "naturally have long visages,"—and here I will just say, that those certain persons who wear a uniform countenance and a tolerably long Phiz, generally enjoy a better state of health both of body and mind, than those who are continually liable to quick and sudden transitions, effected by the different circumstances with which they may be surrounded.

I hope our writer will excuse me from the unpleasant task of calling names, for it would depict looks in the visages of certain individuals, which would too plainly show the disease within.

Our author goes on, and in reference to Medical Students, says "several trained last year, some paid their fines, and others were exempted on account of bodily infirmity." "Some trained."—Yes,—he says one trained at such a rate that he was indicted for disorderly behaviour while under command. I hope Philo don't intend this case as a specimen of the military *tact* of all Medical Students while in the ranks, is so, I should think it would be well, for the profession at least, to "halter-break" their young disciples, before they let them out to run at large. Were I to make public one half of the "observations I have treasured up," while observing the "ways and means" resorted to by Medical Students and their confidants, to escape from the performance of military duty, it would fully substantiate all I have said respecting this class, and truly be an "extraordinary case."

Philo next proceeds to show that there are cases where men who command the highest wages for their labour are legally exempted from duty. This was unnecessary, for I not only admitted it, but asserted it to be a fact. But he thinks these cases are common, and here we disagree, though not through "obstinacy" on my part, or a wish to appear "inconsistent." If "Angel's visits" are no more common than are cases of this description, but few hearts will be enlarged by their kindly influences, or warmed by their heavenly rays.

Would it not be quite as well for Surgeons and their Mates in all cases to write their certificates in plain English; for but few commanders of Companies are versed in Latin, or understand the "horus pocus" cognomens applied to diseases by Physicians.

In conclusion, I would thank Philo for his suggestions and explanations, many of which are worthy of serious notice and consideration; and further permit me to tender him my sincere thanks for the candid and liberal spirit which is breathed forth through the whole of his communication.

In Philo I fancy I recognise an old personal friend—one who will be long held in remembrance with the warmest feelings of friendship and esteem.—&c. He has condescended to "shake hands" with the through the medium of the Democrat, let me assure him I highly appreciate this renewal of our old acquaintance, while I am not only interested, but I trust, always benefited by reading the effusions from his pen.

July 1st, 1839. J. J. P.

Virginia.—The Globe says that Grayson, Tazewell, and Brook, the disputed counties, have elected friends of the Administration. The election of a Democratic Senator is safe.

John L. Steven, Esq. has been appointed by the President, diplomatic agent to Guatemala, in place of William Leggett, deceased.

Lord Chesterfield said, "An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions, he is neither hot nor timid."

Rash words are foolish in a man, and disgraceful in a woman.

The most important question for a young lady to ask when a man pops the question, is, "Do you take a newspaper and pay for it?" Always have a dish of hot water handy, in case he says no! But if he says yes! pin him—he's your man by all means.

Old Keokuck, it appears, was not quite killed by young Black Hawk, as he deserved to be after the offence he committed, but was very badly wounded.

Special Verdict.—Three young men were recently tried in Cattaraugus county, says the Buffalo Commercial, for shooting and mortally wounding a dog. The written verdict of the jury was, "all three guilty; the plaintiff's damages assessed at six pence, and each of the defendants to have another shot at the dog."

Census of East Boston.—The number of inhabitants in East Boston amounts to seventeen hundred. Five years ago there was but one house on the Island.

A young woman was lately prosecuted in New York city, for stealing her father's shirts and selling them for liquor.

When Milton was asked if he intended to instruct his daughter in the different languages, he replied, "No sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

A Vicksburg (Miss) paper, states, that the bills of the Decatur Bank are quoted at a dollar a peck. Probably more than they are worth.

The miser, or the avaricious man, estimates a man's worth by the amount of his money.—the Philologist, by the bumps,—and the Democrat by the man's honesty.

Divorce Case.—A divorce case was recently tried in Conn. in which the wife brought the suit, with abundant complaints against her husband for want of indulgence, &c. On calling a survey of her wardrobe, there were found twenty-one trunks filled with apparel, with one court dress for the lady to wear on the occasion of being presented to the King and Queen of Naples.

The Young Men's County Lyceum

Will meet at the Court House on Paris Hill on Tuesday the 18th inst. at 4 o'clock P. M.

Lecture, by E. Gerry.

Question for Discussion.—Is it probable that our Government will be a Republic five hundred years hence.

DISPUTANTS.—A. Prentiss, M. B. Herring, Aff.—Wm. K. Kimball, I. Harlow, Neg.

Per Order.

MARRIED.

In Woodstock, by E. C. Shaw, Esq. Mr. Ambrose K. Shurtleff of Portland, to Miss Lorenda Curtis of Woodstock.

County of Oxford.

TREASURER'S OFFICE, }
Paris, June 2, 1839. }

NOTICE is hereby given to the Proprietors of, and all persons interested in the following townships or tracts of unimproved land situated in said County, (a part of which are now situated in the County of Franklin) not taxable by the Assessors of any town or Plantation, that the following sums have been assessed by the County Commissioners for said County of Oxford in the apportionment of the County taxes for the years 1833, 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838, and 1839, and remain unpaid—viz:

Andover Surplus West	Tax for 1834—	3.43
do	" 1837—	1.87
do	" 1838—	3.73
do	" 1839—	3.41
Township No. 2 Letter A.	" 1834—	0.13
do	" 1835—	0.13
do	" 1836—	0.13
do	" 1837—	0.13
do	" 1838—	0.13
do	" 1839—	0.13
do	" 1834—	0.13
do	" 1835—	0.13
do	" 1836—	0.13
do	" 1837—	0.13
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